SECULAR ODE

IN

COMMEMORATION

OF THE

GLORIOUS REVOLUTION,

M DC LXXXVIII.

[*PRICE ONE SHILLING.*]

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By W. MASON, M. A.

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NOVEMBER the Fifth, M DCC LXXXVIII.

I.

IT is not age, creative Fancy's foe,
Foe to the finer feelings of the ſoul,
Shall dare forbid the lyric rapture flow;
Scorning its chill controul,
He, at the vernal morn of youth,
Who breath'd, to Liberty and Truth,
Freſh incenſe from his votive lyre,
In life's autumnal eve, again
Shall, at their ſhrine, reſume the ſtrain,
And ſweep the veteran chords with renovated fire.

II.

Warm to his own, and to his country's breaſt,
Twice fifty brilliant years the theme have borne,
And each, through all its varying ſeaſons, bleſt
By that auſpicious morn,
Which gilding NASSAU's patriot prow,
Gave Britain's anxious eye to know
The ſource whence now her bleſſings ſpring;
She ſaw him from that prow deſcend,
And, in the Hero, hail'd the Friend;
A name, when Britain ſpeaks, that dignifies her king.

III.

In ſolemn ſtate ſhe led him to the throne
Whence bigot zeal and lawleſs power had fled,
Where Juſtice fix'd the abdicated crown
On his victorious head.

Was

Was there an angel in the ſky,
That glow'd not with celeſtial joy,
When Freedom, in her native charms,
Deſcended from her throne of light,
On eagle plumes, to bleſs the rite,
Recall'd by Britain's voice, reſtor'd by Naſſau's arms!

IV.

Since then, triumphant on the car of Time,
The ſiſter Years in gradual train have roll'd,
And ſeen the Goddeſs from her ſphere ſublime,
The ſacred page unfold,
Inſcrib'd by Her's and NASSAU's hands,
On which the hallow'd charter ſtands,
That bids Britannia's ſons be free;
And, as they paſs'd, each white-rob'd year
Has ſung to her reſponſive ſphere,
Hail to the charter'd rights of Britiſh Liberty!

V.

Still louder lift the ſoul-expanding ſtrain,
Ye future years! while, from her ſtarry throne,
Again ſhe comes to magnify her reign,
And make the world her own.
Her fire e'en France preſumes to feel,
And half unſheaths the patriot ſteel,
Enough the monarch to diſmay,
Whoe'er, with rebel pride, withdraws
His own allegiance from the laws
That guard the people's rights, that rein the
ſovereign's ſway.

VI.

Hark! how from either India's ſultry bound,
From regions girded by the burning zone,
Her all-attentive ear, with ſigh profound,
Has heard the captive moan:

Has

Has heard, and ardent in the cauſe
Of all, that free by Nature's laws,
The avarice of her ſons enthralls;
She comes, by Truth and Mercy led,
And, bending her benignant head,
Thus on the ſeraph pair in ſuppliant ſtrain ſhe calls:

VII.

" Long have I lent to my Britannia's hands
That trident which controuls the willing ſea,
And bad her circulate to diſtant lands
Each bliſs deriv'd from me.
Shall then her Commerce ſpread the ſail,
For gain accurs'd, and court the gale,
Her throne, her ſov'reign to diſgrace;
Daring (what will not Commerce dare!)
Beyond the ruthleſs waſte of war,
To deal deſtruction round, and thin the human race?

VIII. " Pro-

VIII.

" Proclaim it not before th' eternal throne
Of Him, the fire of univerſal love;
But wait till all my ſons your influence own,
Ye envoys from above!
O wait, at this precarious hour,
When, in the pendent ſcale of power,
My rights and Nature's trembling lye;
Do thou, ſweet Mercy! touch the beam,
Till lightly, as the feather'd dream,
Aſcends the earthly droſs of——ſelfiſh policy.

IX.

" Do thou, fair Truth! as did thy Maſter mild,
Who, fill'd with all the power of godhead, came
To purify the ſouls, by guilt defil'd,
With Faith's celeſtial flame;

Tell

Tell them, 'tis Heaven's benign decree
That all, of Chriſtian liberty,
The peace-inſpiring gale ſhould breathe;
May then that nation hope to claim
The glory of the Chriſtian name,
That loads fraternal tribes with bondage worſe
than death?

X.

" Tell them, they vainly grace, with feſtive joy,
The day that free'd them from Oppreſſion's
rod,
At Slavery's mart, who barter and who buy
The image of their GOD.
But peace!—their conſcience feels the wrong;
From Britain's congregated tongue,

Repen-

Repentant breaks the choral lay,
" Not unto us, indulgent Heav'n,
" In partial ſtream, be Freedom given,
" But pour her treaſures wide, and guard with
legal ſway!"

THE END.